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The following articles have appeared in the *Sphinx*:—

No.
33.—Sunday Evening with the Secularists.
34.—A Morning with the Unitarians.
37.—The Rev. W. A. O'Connor.
38.—Taking Holy Orders under Bishop Lee.
38.—A Children's Chapel (Rusholme Road Independent).
39.—The Swedenborgians (Rev. John Hyde).
41.—St. Mary's, Hulme (Rev. F. C. Woodhouse.)
41 —The Stowell Memorial Church.
42.—Birch Church (Rev. Canon Anson).
43.—An Evening with the Christian Brethren.
45.—Manchester Cathedral.
45.—Sale Independent Chapel (Rev. Edward Morris).
46.—The German Church, Greenheys.
47.—Ritualism in Manchester (St. John Baptist's).
48.—St. Saviour's Church Rev W. J. Birch).
50.—The Rev. J. A. Gardiner (Presbyterian).
51.—Church Music in Manchester (Holy Trinity, Hulme, and the Jesuit Church).
52.—A Morning with the Baptists (Rev. H. J. Betts).
53.—The Church of the Ascension (Rev. C. T. Watson).
53.—Northen Churchyard.
54.—The Wesleyan College, Didsbury.
55.—St. Michael's and its Rector (Rev. G. S. Allen).
58.—Great Fast of the Jews.
59.—Deserted Churches: 1. St. Clement's.
60.—The Rev. J. A. Macfadyen.
61.—Deserted Churches: 2. St. Mary's.
62.—The Rev. G. W. Conder.
65.—Deserted Churches: 3. Sacred Trinity, Salford.
67.—Cheeryble Brothers' Church.
68.—A Visit to the Parish Church, Ashton-under-Lyne.

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Mr. Ruskin, the Slade Professor of Art at Oxford, intends in February to begin a course of lectures on the materials of art.

A CRITIC OUTWITTED.—Hiram Powers, the well-known American sculptor, first showed his genius by making some excellent wax figures for Dorfeuil's Museum, a well-known place of amusement in the West, thirty years ago. Among other figures, he made one of Alexander Drake, a popular comedian at that time. Some of Powers's friends were so much pleased with his work that they invited the newspaper critics to look at it; among them one notorious for his hypercriticism, and believed to be something of a pretender withal. The particular critic came in the evening, when the museum was dimly lighted, and took his position before the glass case. After gazing at the figure very intently for five minutes, he said to Powers, who was at his elbow—"There are some good points about this, Hiram; but it has some extraordinary defects. The nose is too long entirely, and the mouth has a queer twist. One arm is longer than the other. The position, too, is very unnatural. No man could stand in that way if he tried—it would be utterly impossible. I don't see, Hiram, how you could have made such a blunder." Powers laughed, and inquired of the figure—"What do you think of it, Drake?" The figure immediately stepped out of the case, and, bursting into a loud laugh, said, "I think the position pretty natural myself." The critic did not hear the last of the jest to his dying day, and never afterwards spoke to the facetious sculptor.

JOHNSONIANA.

MR. Nichols relates that he happened to be with Johnson, in Bolt Court, on the day that Henderson, the celebrated actor, was introduced to him. The conversation turning on dramatic subjects, Henderson asked the doctor's opinion of *Dido*, and of Joseph Reed, its author. "Sir," said Johnson, "I never did the man an injury, yet he would read his tragedy to me!"

When the doctor had completed his Dictionary, which had quite exhausted the patience of Mr. Andrew Millar, his bookseller, the latter acknowledged the receipt of the last sheet in the following note:—"Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Dr. Samuel Johnson with the money for the last sheet of the Dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him." Johnson replied he was happy to find Mr. Millar thanked God for anything.

In spite of the contempt he affected for actors, Doctor Johnson pursuaded himself to treat Mrs. Siddons with great politeness; so when she called on him at Bolt Court, and Frank, his servant, could not immediately provide her with a chair, Johnson said, "You see, madam, wherever you go, there are no seats to be got."

THE LATE EARL DERBY AS A SPORTSMAN.—In the new number of *Baily's Magazine* there is an article on the late Lord Derby, as a sportsman, from which we glean some interesting traits. As a partridge shot he was, we are assured, "bad to beat," keeping his pointers in the days of long stubbles and walking well after them, but exchanging pointers for spaniels when modern farming and closely shaven fields came into fashion. Even when gout kept him at home he took a keen interest, if there were guests with him, in each day's sport. He had the record of the bags brought to him after dinner, and read it out aloud, with a running commentary of pleasant banter. He was an excellent walker, and once made a journey from London to Knowsley, or at least to Liverpool. It happened in this wise:—Lady Derby was in too delicate a state of health to travel by the usual means either of rail or road. Her husband, therefore, fitted up a barge for her accommodation, and she was taken by canal, Lord Derby himself walking the whole way along the towing path. After a time, however, gout sadly interfered with his pedestrian propensities. He cherished the traditional devotion of his party for good old port. Once a wine merchant sent him some Amontillado to try, with the recommendation that if he drunk nothing else he would never be troubled with the gout. "I have tasted your sherry," wrote Lord Derby in reply, "and prefer the gout."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., "Main" Printing Offices, 37, Oxford-st. Manchester.

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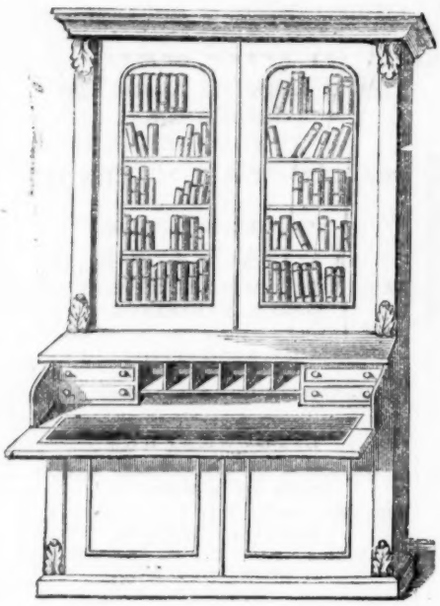

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BIMINI.

BY J. STORES SMITH.

AMONG the several *bonne-bouches* which the press has lately sent forth to furnish Christmas cheer for the intellect, none will have been relished by a wider public than the volume which contains the posthumous works of Heinrich Heine. Such a book appeals to the highest culture of the Old World and the New. For, with all his faults and sins, and they were gross and manifold, perhaps there never was an intenser genius than Heine. To the subtle wit of Voltaire he added a poetic temperament as sensuous as that of Keats, as introspective as Byron, and possessed, beyond, a sense of humour not much inferior to that of Sterne. It is no exaggeration to say that his was the vividest and intensest intellect this century has seen: and I fancy that the critical judgment of impartial Europe has long since arrived at this conclusion. But, alas! the moment the territory of the brain is left, all goes wrong. The Gods, who always take away somewhat when they give, while they showered upon him an exuberance of fancy, a keen sense of harmony, a magical eye for beauty, and made him the very darling of the Graces, and handed him Apollo's quiver charged with glittering arrows of the brain, almost denied him a moral nature. His life was a tragedy of moral failure; entailing, for the Gods are logical and just, a physical bankruptcy even more tragic. And the moral failure and the physical ruin permeate his works, so that amid the most glorious products of the intellect we have the most repulsive aberrations of sensuality, scurrility, and sheer blasphemy.

Nevertheless, there existed in him a sense of the good, and true, and pure, and a sincerely pious Catholic mind will know how to pass by the weakness, and the violence, and the grossness, and the wickedness, with a sigh and with a prayer, and take delight in the glorious sciatillations of intellectual brilliance that stud with stars the dark firmament of moral blackness. Such, at any rate, for years past, has been my feeling towards Heine. If not the first, among the first to introduce him to my fellow-countrymen, I have always felt that, take him all in all, I could love him, and weep for him, and pray for him. The last, in the most literal sense, I have done. Not long after he died I was in Paris, and I made a pilgrimage to Montmartre to see his grave. I soon found it, and I found also that the few people who visited Montmartre on that day were bound on the same errand. A simple grave, surrounded with a low iron railing, with a headstone on which is carved the simple inscription,

HENRI HEINE,

and on the grave lay a few fresh or faded immortelles. At the gates of the cemetery are several shops which sell these pleasing mementoes, which living affection can deposit on the chill resting place of the departed. I returned and bought one, and then, retracing my steps to his grave, with reverent hands and uncovered head, laid it upon the earth that covered the mortal remains that once held this unquiet and perturbed spirit; and I, an English Catholic, offered up a prayer for him who, perhaps more than any other nineteenth century man of genius, hated the English and the Catholic Church.

It will readily be understood, therefore, that I received this last volume with avidity. I have not had leisure to read it altogether, but I have read and reread again the poem which forms the heading to this paper, a poem entitled "Bimini." For a long time past it had been known that some such poem was in existence, and rumour spoke highly of it, as equalling or excelling any of the published works of its author. Why it was never published in Heine's lifetime seemed the mystery, but is not so now. The poem clearly manifests that it was intended to be much more extensive in bulk and much more elaborately finished than it stands at present, and must now stand for ever. It commences with a long Prologue, which is as disproportionate to the poem as it stands, as the two western towers of York Minster would be were there nothing but a chapel of ease behind them. Notwithstanding the poem is complete in a fashion, and is of such a fascinating beauty, and such a thorough exemplar of Heine's method and peculiar genius, that it would of itself repay anyone to learn German simply to enjoy the touching sadness that is its key-note, and the brilliant coruscations of fancy which form the variations to the theme.

The poem opens with a picture of an old Spaniard, half soldier, half sailor, with a face wrinkled with age and adventure, and scarred with the remains of many a sabre cut, regarding his battered old visage in the mirror of the sea that lay placidly unruffled in a bay in the Island of Cuba. He gazes at the wreck of his former self and then soliloquizes:

Can this be Juan Ponce de Leon, once the merry and brilliant page in Don Gonsalvo's court? He whom the ladies flew to the balconies to admire when his horse-hoofs rattled along the streets of Seville. He who was the terror of the Moors, and lopped off turbaned heads like thistle tops, and was knighted before the whole Christian army, and danced that evening in the Infanta's tent, amid the strains of music and the caresses of the ladies, and hardly heeded them, absorbed by the jingling of his new-won golden spurs. Can this be the man who accompanied Columbus on his second journey, and when he returned took service with Ojeda as a buccaneer, and afterward with Biscao, and after helped Cortez to conquer Mexico? At Mexico he got plenty of gold, also the yellow fever, and, leaving behind him a large stock of health, with the gold he chartered a vessel and adventured on his own account, and discovered Cuba. Of this island he is now Governor, he has a 100,000 pesos, cart loads of precious stones, and sacks of pearls. Pearls! When he looks at his pearls he goes mad wellnigh, for they remind him of his teeth. His teeth are gone, and with them his youth. He would give up his governorship, his pearls, his Calatrava knighthood, and be called *young* rascal, *young* street Arab, *young* prig, could be but be *young*. And then, after a most remarkable prayer to the Virgin that she will take pity on him and make him young again, the first part of the poem closes. The second part I append at length. It is literally translated and in the metre of the original, viz., unrhymed trochaics:—

True to his old sailor habits
Was the Knight when on the land:
Formerly as on his vessel,
Slept he nightly in a hammock.

And the motion of the waters,
That so oft had brought him slumber,
The old Knight would not relinquish,
So he had his hammock rocked.

This last duty fell to Kaka,
An old Indian; who also
From the Knight chased the mosquitoes
With a fan of peacock's feathers;

And while she the airy cradle
Of the grey old child was rocking,
She would croon some ancient legend,
Ballad legend of her people.

Was there magic in the sing-song?
Or in the tone of her who sung it
A soft fluting, like the twitter
Of a siskin? Thus she sang:

"Little birdie Kolibri
Lead the way to Bimini
Fly before us, we wi follow
In a gaily decked canoe.

"Little fishie Bridid
Lead the way to Bimini!
Swim before us, we will follow,
Rowing fleet with flower-wreathed sculls.

"In the Island Bimini
Everlasting Spring is blooming,
And the golden larks are singing
In the blue their Tirili!

"Graceful flowers all over growing
Make the soil one bright savannah,
Passionately spice-scents throb there,
And voluptuous colour burns.

"And there, too, the mighty palm trees
Tower aloft, and with their branches
Fan the flowers beneath, enjoying
Shadow-kisses in the cool.

"In the Island Bimini
Flows a most delightful fountain,
From the beloved Wonder-well
Runs the water that brings Youth back.

"If you take a faded floweret
And a drop just sprinkle on it
Of this water, straight reviving
It recovers all its beauty.

"If you take a withered tree-twig
And a drop just sprinkle on it
Of this water, straight it puts forth
Shoots and buds all gaily greening.

"Drinks an old man of this water
He is young again: his old age
Casts he from him, as the insect
Sheds the chrysalis hull which bound him.

"Many a grey-beard who by drinking
To a bland young lad had changed him,
Felt a shrinking to encounter
As a stripling his old kindred.

"Many a grandam, in like manner,
Who had quaffed her back to girlhood,
Could not face her household people,
A young lass all smiles and dimples.

"So the good folk stay for ever,
Evermore in Bimini;
Joy and fadeless Spring enchain them
To this Land of Youth Eternal.

"To this Land of Youth Eternal,
To this sacred Bimini
All my hopes and longings lead me.
Fare ye well! my household friends!

"Dear old Pussy Mimili!
Dear old Chucky Kikriki!
Fare ye well! We come back never,
Nevermore from Bimini!"

Thus the woman sang. The Captain
Scarcely heard her, half enslumbered,
Now and then though, as if dreaming,
He muttered gently:—"Bimini."

The third part opens with a vigorous and glowing picture of Cuba lying like a bride, robed for her espousals, zoned with the emerald sea, and all the populace radiant with joy and hope. The old crippled Beguine smiles as she tells her beads, the lady smiles as she flirts with the smiling cavalier, the stiff soldiers smile, and the stiffer priests; all the people smile and are beaming with festivity, even the Bishop who comes to say High Mass upon the strand and bless an Armada of five ships which lies in the bay. This little fleet, decked out with streamers, is headed by the vessel in which Don Juan Pouce de Leon first discovered Cuba, newly painted, with a figure head, a female form, richly coloured, and called "Hope." On board this admiral is Don Juan and Kaka splendidly robed as a Spanish lady. They are about to set out on a cruise to discover the Island Bimini and bring back the water of Eternal Youth to the people of Cuba. So it is fête day in Cuba, and the people are there to cheer them off and the Bishop to bless them: and amid the roar of cannon and blessing of the Host, the fleet weighs anchor and drops down the bay, Don Juan striking an old guitar with his haggard fingers and singing in the broken tones of age:—

Little Birdie Kolibri!
Little Fishie Brididi!
Fly and swim before us, show us,
Show the way to Bimini!

The poem now comes to a quick and originally unintended conclusion. It had evidently been Heine's intention to follow Ponce de Leon in detail in his travels in search of Bimini. But he suddenly breaks off and says—"Why draw a painful picture of a bootless and hopeless waste of endurance? Suffice it that the more he sought the older he grew, until at last he reached the land of Everlasting Rest, the only Bimini from which none return, and where all forget their sorrows."

FROM THE RESERVED SEATS AT HALLE'S.

DEAR SPHINX,—Being a young lady, I feel somewhat timid in addressing such an augustly critical personage as yourself. Indeed I know not whether I should muster courage enough to do so, did I not discern in those "calm eternal eyes" of yours a certain kindly look, which tells me that though at times you can be terribly severe, yet to the weaker sex you can also be very gentle. You must know, then, that I am passionately fond of music, and that I am the fortunate possessor of a season ticket for Mr. Hallè's concerts. The evenings upon which they are held are marked with a red letter in my diary, and I usually attend them under the escort of my brother Charley. We go together in the family carriage, which is a pleasant enough mode of conveyance, yet not altogether without its little inconveniences. It is strange, though true, that people who ride in carriages cannot always do as they wish. I like to be punctual, and to be in my seat before the commencement of the overture, but, as you know, our carriage is obliged to fall into a procession with others, and proceed in an orderly and regular manner to the door of the hall. Sometimes we find ourselves, a few minutes before half-past seven, at the end of a line of vehicles extending below the Concert Hall, and have then to proceed at a pace which is slow and distressing in the extreme. As the procession drags its weary length along on some wet and sloppy night, I would willingly get out and join the foot-passengers, if I were not in evening dress. On such occasions my brother Charley gets quite fidgetty, declaring that we shall be late, and says the people in the gallery and area don't like it. At times he is cross enough to charge me with being the cause of the delay, telling me that I was too long in arranging the flowers in my hair, which is very unkind. When at length we have been set down, and have passed hurriedly up the stairs and through the cloak room into the hall, we sometimes find that the concert has indeed begun. I can assure you it always makes me blush very much, and wish to apologize to Mr. Hallé and everybody, as I make my way between the rows of seats to the one I occupy, feeling, as I go, as if all eyes were upon me. Belgravia (as you have been pleased to call it) is a pleasant place, and, as I sit at ease on my cushioned seat there, I always feel sorry for the people who have to stand behind the barrier. Charley says they are allowed to be there because "they keep the draught from the reserved seats." A very horrid idea that, is it not? I think one ought to be at perfect ease and in a state of calm rest to enjoy music thoroughly, and I often wonder how it is possible to appreciate it while there is any sense of physical discomfort. In the reserved seats you do get a certain comfortable allotted space, and the only thorn in the cushion is, that you must needs sit near the same people every evening, which is apt to become monotonous towards the end of the season.

I have said that I like music very much, and I do so because it is dreamy and sweet and all that, but Charley says my taste is not classical. I like miscellaneous concerts best, because there are often pretty ballads in them, which delight me more than long elaborate pieces of an instrumental kind. Not that I am indifferent to the marvellous powers of Mr. Hallé's orchestra. Often when I am listening to a beautiful symphony of Beethoven I find myself repeating Tennyson's beautiful lines—

There is sweet music, Love, that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night dews on still waters, between walls
Of shadowy granite in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier upon the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.

I never attempt to criticize music, because if I were to do so Charley would laugh at me. A beautiful piece of music or a song affects me in the same way as the sight of a beautiful flower, which arouses a sense of pleasure within me that is independent of any botanical knowledge. Most of the airs in the programme are set to words in Italian, a language of which I learnt a little at school, but have almost forgotten now. I am, therefore, always thankful for translations, though Charley says they are very stupidly done. Even when there is no translation I can listen with pleasure, generally managing to catch the spirit of the piece without the aid of words. But (as ladies will do) I am wandering away from what I intended, which was to give you a few ideas which occurred to me at a miscellaneous concert the other evening. Mr.

BRITISH & FOREIGN

Santley was the vocalist. I always like to hear Mr. Santley; apart from the magnificence of his voice, it is a pleasure to look on his genial face. He sang an aria from *I Lombardi*, to which, I found next morning, the critics awarded but faint praise. It is not always well to possess the keen critical faculty, for it often makes one too sensitive to faults and deficiencies. For my own part, I enjoyed the singing of the aria beyond measure. The voice of the singer, rising sweet and strong above the orchestral accompaniment, seemed to lead on the instruments in its grand triumphal march towards its own glorious climax of passionate utterance. From Italian opera to an English ballad is like passing from sunny and gorgeous Italy to the homely and pastoral beauty of home scenes and associations. I felt this when he sang, with touching pathos, the simple but effective ballad, "The winds that waft my sighs to thee." It seemed, somehow, in its contrast to the passionate heat of the aria, to remind one of the lines of the poet who says that

> Bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
> But dark and true and tender is the North.

I always trust Mr. Hallé when I cannot trace him, and applaud from a solemn sense of duty. A concerto, when it is a long one, occasionally makes me yawn (indeed, I saw one young lady perform this interesting movement frequently and vigourously while listening to one), and I know very little of the complicated harmony of fugues. You see I am quite a Pagan in musical matters. But I did listen with great delight to that dear, stout, good-natured M. Lavigne, in his fantasia on that singular instrument, the oboe. As he plays upon his pipe, he always reminds me of the god Pan, "down in the reeds by the river," who played so "blinding sweet,"

> So piercing sweet by the river,
> That the sun on the hill forgot to die,
> And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
> Came back to dream on the river.

The interval in the reserved seats is an enjoyable fifteen minutes, wherein one can stand, look about, or chat with one's friends. You will have noticed that nearly all the occupants of the seats stand up at this time and engage in conversation, or use their opera glasses, bringing them to bear upon friends at a distance. We ladies do not move about as a rule, but the gentlemen do, going among the ladies like bees from flower to flower, sipping the sweets of small talk (which, I assure you, is often very small indeed), or exchanging notes of criticism on the performances. The buzz of conversation goes on in a soft, subdued manner, reminding one of the laureate's lines (you see I admire dear Tennyson, and can't help quoting him) when he speaks of

> Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
> The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
> And murmur of innumerable bees.

Some of the gentlemen slip out of sight altogether for some time, among the rest Charley. He generally comes back with a faint odour of beer in his breath. Where does he get it, I wonder?—Believe me, dear *Sphinx*, yours faithfully, MAUD.

WHAT BECAME OF A CHRISTMAS LEG OF MUTTON.

"THE idea of buying a leg of mutton for Christmas, Peter! Who ever heard of such a thing? Why a Frenchman would have known better!"

"Never you mind, mum," retorted Peter, with a look at his wife as of that of a Caffre in the act of poising the fatal spear—"never you mind. No nonsense and no impidence. Let us have no hopobrious epitaffs."

The last phrases were very rough ground for Peter, whose pronunciation was just then rather beerily at fault, but he delivered them with an air of solemnity, as if they were conclusive upon the subject, continuing thus:

"If predgdis—absurd predgdis—says beef, at this season, all right—it's a free country. I am for *mutton*, and, as head of the family, I don't expect bull-baiting."

"Don't talk nonsense, Peter," said his wife, picking up the hat which our free-thinker had whirled to the ground by way of emphasis. "Surely one may stand up for such an ancient custom as roast beef at Christmas without offence."

Such was a colloquy which a few years ago took place on Christmas Eve in as cosy a little house as any in England. And Peter Wudge and Martha his wife were also as cosy a couple as any in England, though they now and then differed in opinion, as the cosiest couples will do, even on Christmas Eve. The kitchen in which this conversation occurred—kitchen and parlour too—was snug and scrupulously clean. You might have eaten your dinner off the floor of red tiles, had that been necessary in consequence of some one having eaten the table previously. Clumps of green holly had wormed themselves amongst the salted buttocks of the family pig, whose mortal remains hung from the beam-hooks overhead, whilst a bunch of mistletoe formed a cheery centre-piece for as much druidical kissing as could be smouched beneath. Indeed, spruce little Mrs. Wudge had been intending to pull her husband under this very bunch, and to give him a regular good hearty smoucher, when that eccentric and misguided being manifested argumentative symptoms and an over-the-markishness not often his wont. I grieve to have to say that Peter was what was called in that part of the country "a little fresh," which is, I suppose, another version of more than half-seas-over. If you could have seen Mistress Martha you would have foresworn drink for ever sooner than have missed her and the mistletoe, for she was as round and sweet and rosy as a Worcester apple, and the frills of her muslin cap framed as wholesome a countenance and as kindly as ever gladdened the heart of man. Her gait, too, was as elastic as that of the apples which bob about on the surface of a flagon of ale on Allhallows' Eve, and are bitten at for fun on that festival. You would have bitten at Mistress Martha had you seen her, and there would not have been the faintest chance of the fruit disagreeing with you.

On this occasion her spouse had been spending the afternoon in a neighbouring village with some boon companions, and had come home with an extra cargo of beer on board, and his muddled brains full of a mysterious leg of mutton, and with the front of his coat and legs all over hoar frost, as if he had been lying all night on his back like a post or rail, and been frosted like those inanimate and irresponsible objects.

"Well but, Peter, where is this leg of mutton?" Peter grunted incoherently and hung his head down somnolently.

"I don't see this wonderful leg, Peter." Another grunt from the head of the family.

"Peter," shaking the bemuddled husband, "why don't you answer? If we are to be unlike other people to-morrow, let me have the meat. Tell me where it is, and let me put it away."

After much shaking and turning about, which made the hoar frost on his gaiters glisten in the fire light, Peter dismally articulated, "I've lost it. We tossed—that is, I tumbled down and broke it." Here Mrs. Wudge burst out into so hearty a laugh that even tipsy Peter's face assumed an idiotic smile, and he repeated, in a rollicking voice, rubbing up his wiry hair until he looked like a Dandy Dinmont terrier, "the leg's broke—it's broke, and that's all about it."

Perhaps of all comedies ever played on Christmas Eve this was the most comic. It was a remarkable incident that a man should so far forget the customs of his ancestors as to buy such a thing as a mutton leg for Christmas Day, but that, having bought and paid for it, he should have carried home not the leg itself but the romance of its fracture, was a feature in domestic comedy without any parallel. Nevertheless it happened once upon a time, and I will tell you how it happened.

Peter Wudge was a cobbler by trade—that is to say, he was a very expert maker of boots and shoes, and not simply a mender of the same. With the assistance of two journeymen—very uncouth journeymen they were—Peter managed to do the greater portion, and by far the best portion, of the booting and shoeing of the inhabitants of the little market town on the outskirts of which he lived. As you looked at his cottage you would never have supposed that it harboured a son of Crispin, but rather some one in the agricultural line of business. There was a little wicket which led to the house from the turnpike road, and a little walk paved with white pebbles went direct to the door, and seemed to scorn any evasion of that single purpose. A thick yew hedge fronted Peter's domain, and a gnarled specimen of the same tough timber stood close to the cottage. The fragrant herbs proper to cottage gardens were not wanting. There were parsley, and thyme, and sweet marjoram, and a herb called "oldman," very much in request for putting into rural coffins. In a rude wigwam of wood and moss, the pig snuffled and

squeaked, with one leg in his soup, as usual, whilst in a sort of paddock at the back, "the crested bird which claps his wings at dawn" marched with the gait of a Sultan amidst his chuckering serail. The little cottage had latticed windows, as a matter of course, usually filled in the season, on the domestic side, with balsams, or musk, or deep crimson roses. On the other side, where the boot and shoe making went on, might be seen tapes and foot-shaped papers, and little rolls of hemp and bristles, all indicative of that state of working life into which Peter Wudge had been called. When Peter made boots for me—how long ago I care not to tell—I was always measured on the domestic side of the little cottage, and was lifted by Mrs. Peter, who always enquired after my mother, on to a lofty chair, whilst the hearty cobbler took my measure, going down on to one knee when he did so, as if in homage for my custom. It never seemed to me a business affair at all, but a friendly office fulfilled by Peter because we liked one another. The wife of Alexander Beet, fashionable bootmaker to the nobility, clergy, and gentry, never asks me to take any refreshment when I go to consult her husband, but I can tell you that Mrs. Martha Wudge and I have eaten apple pie together many a time.

Wudge and wife loved each other very much, and I suppose amongst the sons of men there is no pleasanter or better feeling than that kind of love. Two young cobblers, sons of the aforesaid, fed at the family board, and formed the toes and heels upon which the future hopes of the Wudges were founded. These juvenile supports might be seen tumbling about amongst the lavender and parsley, from which beds the nursery traditions relate that they originally sprung. In Germany, on the contrary, we are told that the census returns depend chiefly upon storks. Though Peter was a good husband and a good shoemaker, it occasionally, though very rarely, happened that he got over the mark—the mark being a quart or so of wholesome ale. On these occasions of physical and moral oscillation he was always rhetorical and argumentative, or "contrairey," as his wife called it. Had she been the same, goodness knows what would have been the consequence. But pretty Mistress Martha was neither a speechifier nor a logician then. She knew when to hold her noise, and she also knew when to let it out, and when she did let it out she used to throw her head back like a plump bantam hen, and ring a fancy peal of cackling about Peter's devoted head, so that even the two frousy journeymen looked guilty, and as if it would be their turn next. After a scurry of this sort, Peter was in the habit of sneaking off to a little public called the "Blue Buttercup," or Plant's—that being the name of the landlord—where he made free to tell Plant and others who were there in residence, so to speak, that he had "ketched" it that morning.

On the forenoon of this particular day there had been a small tiff, or unpleasantness, and Peter had "ketched it" because he had declined to go into the question of what there should be for dinner on Christmas Day. The file-firing commenced up stairs, rattled down into the kitchen, across the lobby, into the workshop, where it formed for a while a fierce mitraille, and then a solemn stillness supervened, as if nature had become exhausted after a convulsion. To Peter there was no remedy for this but a trip to Plant's, whither he might shortly after have been seen sneaking, just as the evening was drawing in. He had about a mile to walk, for Plant's was in a neighbouring village, and not in the town. The bar of the "Blue Buttercup," if bar it might be called which was but a sort of house-place with two semicircular screens on either side of the chimney, was bright with a glaring fire, which lighted up the roadway, and invited the wayfarer out of the cold, which was then nipping and eager with hoar frost. Plant himself was at the receipt of custom, as, indeed, he always was, and welcomed Peter with the shy reserve common to that part of the country, which was nevertheless hearty enough. A quart of foaming October was brought in, and the two settled down to their work at either end of two pipes popularly known as churchwardens. They said very little, but smoked placidly, and drank their ale out of long slender glasses, as if it were champagne. To them, and to most others if they could only think so, it was much better than champagne. So the evening wore on, and other quarts were had in, and, as it happened, the two bacchanals were left very much to themselves, getting gradually screwy as the evening and the drink progressed, until, about eight o'clock, the violin of Peter's system was screwed tightly a little over concert pitch; and, bidding Plant good-night, he made his way down the village past the butcher's shop, which he required to pass going home. Accosted by the butcher, Peter stopped for a chat, and ended by purchasing, for five shillings, the leg of mutton which forms the subject of this memoir. He declined the use of a basket, and laid hold of the mutton by the thin end of the leg, as if it were an Abyssinian weapon for braining the enemy. By way of practising martial evolutions with this barbaric weapon, he made a frolicsome hit at the butcher therewith, who skilfully parried the blow, or otherwise he would have gone down as flat as a flounder. The jovial cobbler then sallied forth again homewards, and at a fairish pace too, for the road was down hill nearly all the way, and Peter instinctively went fast as the surest way of keeping himself steady. He had not gone very far when a loose stone tripped him up, and he fell heavily forward, the leg of mutton flying out of his hand into the darkness, whither he knew not. He was not hurt at all—only just a little abrased about the inside of his wrists—and he lay for a little, as tipsy men will, in order to look well round the situation, and muttered something to himself about this being a pretty go, and to enquire in a subdued tone where the dashed leg of mutton was gone to. He felt cautiously about on his hands and knees, but could not find it. Then he got up and felt about with his feet—still in vain. Then he tried to peer into the darkness, and to detect the missing leg on the white frosted ground, but every time he stooped he was near tumbling; and so, after losing his temper and anathematizing the mutton as the abbots did the jackdaw of Rheims, he staggered home to the dialogue with which this story commences. The proverb that what is one man's gain is another man's leg of mutton was well illustrated in this case. A hungry tinker, known in those parts by the name of "Hairy Jack," was fortunate enough to find the leg not an hour afterwards, and regarded this waif and stray as a dispensation of providence on his behalf.

We have seen that when Peter got home he was so full of the subject that he could not help talking about it, leading his wife to believe that the mutton was somewhere about. His befoozled wits were racked for excuses and explanations for its non-appearance, but he made but a poor figure in the witness box, and he was turned, by cross-examination, literally inside out. First he said he had bought the meat, which was literally true; then that he had lost it; then that the leg was broken; then he reversed the ordinary condition, and insisted that he had lost it in a raffle. Then that he had tossed and lost it, and then that he had never had it; and, after this impotent conclusion, his wife made a metaphorical wisp of hay of kindly sympathy and good-humoured coaxing, and so led the docile donkey to bed.

There's a moral contained in our song, not long but strong. If your wife consults you about what shall be had for dinner, don't baulk her by gruff ejaculations. If she "wire in," as it is called, for a minute or two, don't go to an alehouse for consolation. But, if you go to the alehouse, don't get tipsy; and if perchance you do get tipsy, don't try trading when in that condition; and, above all, never tell stories at any time.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

SPECTACLE *v.* PANTOMIME.

IT is impossible to avoid the conclusion that pantomime (as it was once understood) is on the decline, and that spectacle is usurping its place. This change is quite as observable in London as in Manchester. Two only of the leading London theatres, Covent Garden and Drury Lane, have deemed it desirable this year to resort to pantomime, the remainder relying upon burlesque and melodrama, and many of them making no change whatever in their list of performances. Thus, the Prince of Wales's Theatre still finds *School* an all-sufficient attraction, and *Little Em'ly* runs its successful course at the Olympic as before. Of the Covent Garden pantomime we are told that it may be described in Shakespere's words as "a glistening sorrow:" it is so bright with tinsel and so dark with care. Its long and obscure story is set forth with costliness and splendour—"spectacle being now recognized as adequate compensation for any amount of tediousness." So at Drury Lane: the comic scenes, we are informed, are dreary beyond precedent, and "the performers excel rather in feats of agility than in that language of gesture which is the mark of pantomime proper." The influences that have revolutionized this class of Christmas entertainment

in London have been scarcely less operative here. The pieces have lost the touches of local satire that were wont of old to set the theatre in a roar, however slight the jest or threadbare its application. Costly scenery has supplanted humour and fun. The actor has given place to the painter and costumier, and sunk to a subordinate and quite inferior position. We can hardly look upon all this as an alteration for the better. To our thinking the glamour and splendour, that only dazzle and eventually pall upon the satiated and bewildered gaze, are ill-exchanged for the

> Jest, and youthful jollity,
> Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
> And Laughter holding both his sides,

that were the customary accompaniments of pantomime, say, ten years ago. It is easy to ascribe this regrettable change to the influence of the sensation drama and the assumed rage for scenic effects, but after all, the blame—if blame there be—is mainly attributable to the authors who furnish the story or framework. When that is poor, though the superstructure be gorgeous and the accessories superb, the result is unsatisfactory and the pleasure transient. "How do you mix your colours?" said some one to the painter Opie. "With brains, sir," was the reply. We want our pantomimes mixing with brains.

MENAGERIE MANAGEMENT.

A case was last week brought against the proprietor of Edmonds's menagerie, before the Liverpool magistrates, to try the question whether he had any right to supply his serpents with live food. The custom being a brutal and revolting one, which ought to be put an immediate stop to, and it being eminently desirable that a conviction should have been obtained, of course the case miscarried. Moreover, the magistrate observed that he was doubtful whether the acts of parliament upon the subject contemplated such a sort of cruelty as this. We are not doubtful. We are certain that the acts did *not* contemplate any such thing. And even if they did, menagerie proprietors might easily avoid them by feeding their snakes with wild rabbits instead of tame. The gentlemen who frame statutes seem to make a point of so framing them as to render them inoperative—or they are made so by the parliament which passes them, with hasty alterations. Morally, the cruelty is incontrovertible. It is vain to say, the serpent being naturally prone to torture its victims, that torture of them is justifiable. Surely, men are not to adopt the morality of reptiles. Even the doubtful plea of a supposed necessity cannot be maintained, for Mr. Manders, the proprietor of another menagerie, writes to the *Examiner* to say that he supplies his snakes with fresh meat and they thrive. Mr. Manders's letter, which states an interesting fact, and really helps the cause of humanity, was acknowledged by the *Guardian* as "received," and nothing more. If it had been a frivolous complaint of some old woman's that an omnibus conductor wouldn't stop his vehicle to inform her where the 'bus for Bedlam started, sure enough it would have found insertion in those cheerful columns.

PAUL BEDFORD'S POCKET-BOOK.

Under this heading, a recent number of *Judy*, while treating of "some old stage memories" descriptive of the old Adelphi Theatre, fell into an error. The writer of the article, which purports to be taken from the notes of the redoubtable Paul Bedford himself, says that while Miss Adelaide Kemble was performing at Covent Garden Theatre, and was being led on to the stage every evening after the performance by Mr. Charles Mathews, the lessee, "pretty Miss Sarah Woolgar" might be seen any evening at the same time, in the month of January, 1842, performing a similar office for the blushing Paul at the Adelphi. Now, it is undoubtedly true that while Miss Adelaide Kemble was electrifying the town by her singing and acting in the character of Norma, a burlesque of that opera was brought out at the Adelphi Theatre at the same time. It happens, however, that "pretty Miss Sarah Woolgar" was then in the provinces, and had not made her debut in London, so that the statement is incorrect, except so far as the allusion to her personal attractions, to which we gladly testify. Paul Bedford, as the mock druidical priestess, was not led on by Miss Woolgar, but by the late Mrs. H. P. Grattan, an actress in no respect resembling our old favourite. During the season 1842-3, Miss Woolgar, now better known as Mrs. Alfred Mellon, was a member of the Manchester company at the old Theatre Royal in Fountain Street; she took her farewell benefit on the 26th May, 1843, and went to London shortly afterwards. Subsequently she may have played Pollio when the travestie was revived, but when Miss Kemble played the character of Norma at Covent Garden, under Mr. C. Mathews's management, in 1842, Miss Woolgar was not in London. Miss Kemble performed Norma for one night in Manchester in the same year, and was to have repeated the performance on the following Saturday, but the theatre was not opened on account of the riots in the town. She married directly afterwards and took leave of the stage.

CROSSING SWEEPS AGAIN.

A little while ago, there were crossing sweeps in Manchester, established by a ragged school. Yet a little while, and there were none. We took some credit to ourselves, in our heart, that we had helped to scotch the nuisances, and that their crossings would know them no more. It seems that we imagined a vain thing. The plague has broken out again with greater virulence than ever. Only we are glad to see that it does not this time bear the impress of an educational institution. In the place of decently clad good little boys who daren't ask for a halfpenny, we are now pestered by the pertinacious badgering of a set of ragged rascals who appear to understand their business only too well. We argued the matter before, but we are not going to argue it again. A little "by order: Jos: Heron" must be set in motion, and these young gentlemen introduced to that very interesting body of men, the members of the nuisance committee. The establishment of crossing-sweeps would be a sign that the municipal administration had broken down. And even if it had, the nuisance of muddying one's boots is nothing to the nuisance of being incessantly bothered by an organization of beggars with the appearance of having a claim upon one.

IN MEMORIAM.

THOMAS FIELDEN.

ON a raw and gusty day about the middle of last month, the inhabitants of what was once the sequestered hamlet, but which is now the somewhat extended town of Todmorden, turned out in their thousands to witness the obsequies of one whose name and whose race had been familiar to them all from their childhood, as well to the gray-haired housewife as to her burly son, who gazed with a sort of subdued roughness at the long train of mourners there gathered around the grave of Thomas Fielden. There was a small hurricane at work in the deep valleys of that wild moorland, and swirling showers of sleet were torn along, as if at the close of the year a mitraille of the elements were necessary to sweep away the aged and infirm at the bidding of all-conquering Death. For threescore years and well nigh twenty more, this last representative of a group of remarkable brothers had been a familiar figure in Todmorden, and the town-folk in their uncouth way gathered respectfully to witness his burial. His life and his labours have, however, a wider significance than that accorded to them even by his neighbours and his friends. If all that be said of the importance and grandeur of the cotton industry of these kingdoms be true, if a tithe of what is sometimes written about that industry be true, it would not be meet to let one of its foremost representatives pass away without some notice of the life he led, and of the manner of man he was in relation to the commerce and manufactures of Lancashire.

Setting aside the work he did and the way in which he did it, and the results derived from it, Mr. Fielden was in himself, personally, the type of a class of men fast disappearing from the mercantile haunts of this district. With the load of eighty years on his shoulders he was still a finely-proportioned man—broad-shouldered, iron-jointed, with long, straight limbs, and a gait and bearing which discarded all artificial support from cane or walking staff—though he liked the support of a friend's arm occasionally,

and would shake the friendly arm by way of emphasizing his talk, especially if it were a joke, as he went along. He had the massive head of his race, and the upper portion of his features was comely beyond the average, the white hair flowing finely over a broad forehead, and the blue eyes bright and clear to the last, giving to his face, in our view, always a rustic look, more as that of a farmer from the Yorkshire wolds than of a merchant and weaver who had so long been a dweller in cities. This rural characteristic was carried out in the shape of the mouth too, which, in repose, was heavy, and only comported with the excellences of the rest of the face when its owner was amused, or when he was trying, by a quaint anecdote, to amuse others.

To most of us who knew Mr. Fielden so well by his appearances on 'Change, his face wore an abstracted expression, as that of a man immersed in weighty affairs, and not having leisure for trifles. He was not ordinarily inclined to talk much, and, in the later years of his life, when he did want to talk, he could not or would not get his phraseology into ship-shape very quickly, and he made you wait. But when he *was* ready you knew beforehand that this was so, for the laugh (it was too big for a smile) upon his features heralded the remark, and you received it slap-bang as if from a catapult, full in what *Bell's Life* calls metaphorically the bread-basket. The old gentleman dearly loved to split up an elaborate oration about cotton—and he must have listened to some very tall talk in that direction—by a direct home-smasher, capital in itself, but which, coming from him, with his manner and dialect, and above all his mercantile position, was absolutely overwhelming. After a game of this kind the arguefier might ordinarily have gathered up of the smithereens around him twelve basketsful. Yet with all this, in matters of business he was a good listener, asked many questions, and heard the replies with consummate patience even when they were tediously wide of the mark. He seemed always to be putting away what he heard, quietly, for reproduction at a future date, and whenever it was reproduced you could see that it had passed through a digestive process of a particularly healthy and common sense character. Superficially, Mr. Fielden was a hard, unsympathetic man, but only superficially. He never manifested enthusiasm about anything. He never talked as if he knew anything so well and intimately that in his opinion it was beyond controversy. This was not always the result of suspicion, but rather of caution—the old love of silence born of his Quaker cradle days, and the fear of going too far in praise of anything or anybody when it was not necessary. When it *was* necessary, and when he felt he was in the right way to do so, we never found him wanting, but there was no gush, no my-dear-sirring, or my-good-fellowing, which is so insufferably sickening now-a-days. In small matters he was small—we speak of his relations with the people about him—but when the time came for a great feat of generosity, he behaved like the whale did to Jonah—he took the gulp and said nothing. We shall not do despite to his memory and his disposition by disclosing matters here on which his lips were shut as with a solemn seal, but we know of acts largely conceived and grandly carried out, which, in the history of many men, would have been a blazonry for years, but upon which he looked, if he ever gave them a second thought at all, with the utmost unconcern—with far less concern, indeed, than if he lost a life in a pool at billiards.

It was the same in his business. He never, by fertile inuendo, gave you the least idea that he was colossally engaged up and down the world, not merely in shipping goods or importing cotton, but in divers other operations where the capital of the firm might fructify—now in the far off South American city or pampas, now in the Eastern portions of England or in the great trunk railway lines of the United Kingdom. If you had met him, as we have often done, surrounded by railway magnates at a dinner table, you would never have guessed that he was perhaps one of the largest holders of railway property in the kingdom. And assuredly you would not have thought so if you had heard him badger the magnates, and accuse them roundly of general incapacity, and of an ingenuity in wasting the revenues of their lines which deserved the serious attention of Jack Ketch. "You railway chaps," he would often say, "eat and drink too much at other fo's expense, and travel up and down first-class for nowt. I'd give you brass for directing as you ca' it, and then mak you pay your own fares and your own publics, and then our dividends would be bigger!" On one occasion an intimate friend and a bank director asked him to become chairman of a bank, and they would give him £5,000 a year, upon which he said there never was a "sarvent" in th' world worth £5,000 a year, that he was sure he was not, and that he was not going to begin at his time of life to fleece folk in that way.

He shrunk from display and glitter of all and every kind, and he was as simple as any hand-loom weaver who ever worked for him in the old days before Fielden Brothers had a world-wide fame. Similarly he shrunk from the pomp and circumstance of a large warehouse, and plate glass, and boards to tell whether the partners were in or out, which never tell the truth, and which are at the mercy of street boys, who consider them parts of a pantomime. His reception at his counting house of a visitor whom he knew pretty well was quiet and cordial. He would mutter a few words of welcome, lay hold of his snuff-box, which looked like the section of a silver gun barrel, and take a pinch just to have in hand in case of need. But the visitor had to start the talking, or precious little would the old gentleman do without a lead in that way. Then you had to get out of him what you wanted—if you could. Very often you could'nt, but the issue either way was always slowly worked out, and if it happened that the working out was very big—a large affair—it was treated as a transaction about a row of pins, or a small assortment of stay laces for tight females. That is the Fielden manner. It is impressive simply because with them it is natural and not ostentatious, as indifference or apparent indifference about these things very often is with other people.

Although we knew Mr. Fielden very well, we never could make out what he really thought either of politics or polemics. He loved peace and quietness, and hated discord and contention. He used to say sometimes that if the parliament folks would talk less about the Irish Church and a little more about reducing taxation, it might be an advantage to English householders. Like all thrifty people who worked hard, he detested the grip of the taxgatherer, and looked upon the lessening of that grip as the most practical aim of the politician. Of party religious zeal breaking out into a gorgeous rash of published subscriptions, he had the utmost contempt, and he said that moneys so given were like drawing-room hyacinths—top-heavy with flower, but "nowt at bottom except water and strings."

But it was at home, or in pleasant social or convivial circles, that old Tom Fielden was at his best. Of a thoroughly healthy constitution, he played, even in his later days, a tune upon the knife and fork which was grateful to behold, and he never found fault with what was set before him, if the servers did not cackle about what they had layed themselves. He would never be the first to break up a pleasant party. A year or two ago, at Dobroyd, the writer of these lines excused himself from staying later at a dinner party lest he should get too much wine, when

the stalwart old convive replied—"Stop wi' me, and we'n get fuddled together." Yet fuddling was not his wont: he only liked the bumping toast to go round for the sake of those who were the jollier for the bumping. On that very occasion, with seventy-eight summers on his head, he walked right up from Waterside to the hill summits above Stones, along the top of the ridge, down to Todmorden again; and never shirked the feat in the least. He pointed us out, in his quiet steady-going style, the little cottage under some trees on the hill side where he was born, and told us of the simple life he led through the long years during which his family made hay whilst the sun shone. When we remarked what a healthy country-side that was, he only said "there were rare buttermilk to be had up there." And so he was always—as fresh and healthy in his homely feelings as the breeze which came up then along the valleys and played with his white locks, as we we paused in our climbing.

In his talk about the staple trade he knew so well and upon which he had thriven so much, there was latterly a strain of melancholy which, to us at all events, was very affecting. He lamented the long lists of calamities in the cotton trade which the daily journals announced from time to time, and he said of the great cotton industry what Grattan is reported to have said of Irish independence—"I watched by its cradle, I followed its hearse." Let us hope not. Our hope in this respect would be sure and certain if, in all departments of that extended branch of commerce, there could be found and applied the same perseverance and carefulness, the same steady attention, the same honesty and simplicity, which those who knew him best will ever associate with the name and history of Thomas Fielden.

BILLIARDS.

THE MATCH BETWEEN COOK AND BOWELL.

THE match between Cook and Bowell for £100 was finished in Manchester, at the Gresham, St. Mary's Gate, on Monday last. The conditions of this match, it will be remembered, were that Bowell should receive 900 points in 2,000, the first half to be played in London, on a Burroughs and Watts table, and the second half in Manchester, on a Baillie and Swallow table. St. James's Hall was selected as the scene of the first encounter, and Cook played a splendid game, completely distancing his opponent from the commencement, and scored his thousand in one hour and thirty-three minutes! Bowell, in the same time, added 198 only to his 900. It was a remarkable performance throughout, Cook playing in his finest style, and making a number of large breaks, including 70, 64, 286, 233, and 145, while Bowell's largest break was 28 only. The spot-stroke left its usual trail on the cloth, and formed a very important part of the game, Cook playing it ninety-three times in succession, and in another break sixty-one times. At the end of the first hour the game stood: Bowell 1,026, Cook 576, and at the close the numbers were: Bowell 1,098, Cook 1,000. From this time all interest in the game was lost, and the most extravagant odds were offered on the result. Cook was looked upon as £50 richer, and Bowell as a loser, although he had a start of 98 points in the last thousand.

The concluding portion of the game played on Monday evening was for the first two hours a long, tame, and monotonous exhibition of Cook at his worst, and Bowell at nearly his best. Whether the want of ventilation or the uproar of voices in an adjoining apartment had anything to do with it we don't know, but we certainly think the cat we read of might have put the mouse out of its misery much sooner. Cook's game previous to the interval is not worth recording, as it was inferior to any game we have yet seen him play. Bowell, on the contrary, though a certain loser, played with much earnestness, and did all he could to win. At one time he led by 160 points, but from this, his most hopeful moment, he was gradually overhauled, till at 10-50 the game was called "1,569 all." Cook now roused himself into his usual stride, and made some of his splendid breaks; one, the greatest of the evening, including 72 consecutive spot-strokes, numbered in all 260. Bowell, in his eighteenth hundred, played a fine break of 49, and Cook repeated the spot-stroke sixteen times in one run, and ten times in another, eventually winning by a finely played break of 42. Bowell was left standing at 1,802.

Bowell's play throughout was careful, and as far as losing hazards and cannons, he played a very pretty game; but his attempts to repeat the spot-stroke were simply ridiculous. So frequently did he fail that we felt inclined to applaud him when he succeeded in three consecutives. He has a curious style of holding the cue between his thumb and first finger; it is one we do not like. He could take a lesson from Cook in this respect, as we think it would also be worth his time to do in the very important matter of the spot-stroke. So long as it counts three it is well worth practice, though we cannot help hoping it will one day add but two to the score. Bowell is no match for Cook. We never doubted that he would be beaten, even with the large number of points conceded to him. He did his best and lost.

COTTON TIPSTERS.

NOW that the racing season is over and turf prophets have withdrawn their conspicuously small printed advertisements from the newspapers, advising the public that, for the consideration of twelve penny postage stamps, they will put them in possession of a secret which will invalidate any necessity for future labour—now that the sporting fraternity, who live by their wits and the credulity of a believing public, have withdrawn into the temporary retirement of Coldbath Fields and other less famous retreats, the touts and tipsters for the great Cotton Scramble Stakes have taken up the running; the scent is keen, and the whole pack are in full cry. Take up a Manchester daily paper on almost any day of the week, and you will find lengthy, elaborate, and voluminous asseverations and speculations, in which the minds of the writers are mightily exercised, regarding the future prospects of cotton, its supply, and its price, for the gratuitous advantage of the community in general and cotton spinners in particular. The information is supplied cut and dry, as to what the stock of cotton and its price at a future given period may be, should be, and must be, and not even one single penny stamp is required to be remitted for the information, or, in racing slang, "the straight tip."

In this reference to the cotton tipsters—who abound at this season, like a swarm of locusts and lady-birds, or the myriads of army worms and other annual pests on whose destructive powers they dwell so lovingly—we do not allude to the yearly reviews and circulars, which are for the most part carefully compiled by responsible parties, and are useful in the way of reference. Neither do we include the monthly circulars of large Liverpool brokers and Manchester merchants, which are mostly written for the use of their clients. Nor do we refer to the short weekly statements of American firms, giving without comment the weekly receipts, exports, and stocks of cotton. All these are useful and legitimate enough, and are furnished to the press as a matter of courtesy, with possibly some eye to business in the long run. Our censure points more particularly to the swarm of effusions from outsiders—"amateur casuals," who rush in where angels fear to tread, and who indulge in voluminous and interminable lucubrations regarding the future of cotton, foretelling its price, and what the stock will be at given periods. Of course these prognostications are fortified with a goodly array of "ifs," "buts," and other securities which may afterwards be referred to in case of need. The authors keep doctoring and tinkering at their precious prophecies according to circumstances, just as the turf tipsters do with regard to horses according to the betting quotations from Tattersall's. The appearance of these cotton vaticinations may be calculated upon at frequent intermittent periods, with as much certainty as astronomers can calculate upon the appearance of a comet; and they are about as valuable, but a great deal more tedious and lengthy, than the racing tips regarding the "events" of next year. Why don't the daily papers make a charge for these pretentious documents, in their own interests as well as those of their readers? We venture to say that such a charge would go a long way towards abbreviating these tiresome communications, which few read and fewer believe in. One tipster in particular seems to be irrepressible and incorrigible.

Column after column of cheap verbiage does he pour forth and inundate the papers with, week after week. Not very long ago he prophesied that the stock of cotton in Liverpool would be much larger at the close of the year than it has turned out to be, and that prices would be considerably lower than what they are; now he endeavours to get out of this by saying, "had the trade continued to take only 48,000 bales per week," he "should not have been very far wrong." Exactly so! With equal truth might a racing tipster have said, after last year's Derby, that if Pero Gomez had not lost the race he would have won it. Some time since this identical tipster asserted that cotton was too dear, because, at the corresponding period last year, it was lower, as if there was a certain fixed standard of value like the mint price of gold. The very reverse is the case. Cotton may be dear at one time at ninepence a pound, and cheap at another at a shilling. We have seen it a drug in the market, and unsaleable at sixpence a pound at one time, and, at another, people scrambling for it at two shillings, as if there would never again be another bale in the country. Even the supply does not wholly regulate the price, which is influenced by the state of the foreign markets that take off the production, the condition of the money market, and many other contingencies.

The truth is, our irrepressible tipsters, who seem to be bitten by the *cacoëthes scribendi*, look at the question from only one point of view, and that a very narrow one. The ramifications of the cotton trade are wide and far-spreading. An old hand once told us that he liked to buy cotton at fourpence a pound, because he then knew that the utmost he could lose was fourpence. He would be a bold man who would prophesy what the price of cotton will be this day twelve, six, or three months. If our friends the tipsters are so cocksure of the result, why don't they either bull or bear the market and realize fortunes off-hand? We venture to think that, after a few plunges at cotton hazard, with all their knowledge, they would be glad to cry—enough.

WHAT TO EAT, AND HOW TO COOK IT.

BY A BON VIVANT.

2.—MORE ABOUT BREAKFAST.

THE favourite beverage for breakfast being settled on, let us see what its best concomitants are. Bacon or ham is the most common. The bacon may be fat or "roded," but the ham should not be the almost exclusively lean part, and whichever is used, bacon or ham, should be cut into very thin slices, with every yellow or suspicious looking edge and corner pared off, and carefully toasted on a fork on both sides slightly, over a tin dish or plate, *before* the fire, not done *over* it, whether on grid or frying pan, and all the dripped fat should be brought to table with it in the same dish, and eaten directly after it has been cooked. Smoked bacon or ham costs now pretty much the same as the unsmoked, and keeps better, but it palls sooner on the taste, and we recommend an occasional alternation as judicious. We always eat with it dry toast, and as much of the juice or dripping as the toast will absorb. Butter should by no means be taken with it in any form, but mustard, and in some cases salt, may be recommended. We have often seen vinegar used with it, but we think it unsuitable at breakfast. In cases where the taste of the bacon is perceived afterwards, we would suggest that all the bacon intended to be consumed should be eaten before tasting the breakfast beverage. We have heard of this plan being tried with success.

It would of course be easy here to descant on the advantages of the succulent mutton chop, or the glories of huge cold joints, cold pies, cold game, and the like, but these do not, we consider, come within the limits of our category, and are beyond the expenditure, frugal perforce, prescribed by our "civil list." We have enjoyed them in the hospitable country mansion and at the well-provided hotel, occasionally, and though cheerful to see we by no means regret their absence, since we hold that as long as a man has that which he likes, the table is as well furnished with one dish as with twenty. Besides this, we are not in favour of the use of meat at the ordinary breakfast hour, especially for the dweller in cities. At the end of breakfast we have a day's work before us, and for this, a light but sufficing repast is best. There is no error more common than that of over-loading the stomach in anticipation of unusual or protracted exertion or occupation. We never heard of anybody who tried to eat on Sunday all his dinners for the remainder of the week, but to do so would only be to commit the same error—it would only differ in degree. Moreover, it offends against the principle we have laid down as a cardinal virtue—economy. The purse and the stomach must be regarded, not as enemies, but as the opposing forces which help to sustain the human frame in equilibrium. They should always be in a state of perfect equipoise. There is deep wisdom in the short nursery legend of King John. There must have been more good about him than historians credit him with. "King John had two apples: he ate one, and saved the other for himself!" Here are true self-restraint and economy at once.

Another favourite of ours at the breakfast table is the finnon haddock, an importation from the land o' cakes—not Eccles, but Caledonia, stern and wild. There are, no doubt, many ways of cooking it, but we only know of one good one. We do not generally approve of using cooking utensils out of the ordinary course, but here we use the frying pan for boiling! We like the "haddie" to be not much under a pound, and we boil it for five minutes in water in the aforesaid pan; then pour the water off and place the pan *before* the fire and butter the meat side like toast. After it has been there two or three minutes, take it out by the tail—or otherwise, so you don't break it—and bring it to table covered with a cloth napkin. It should be eaten "hot and hot." Pepper, mustard, and salt are condiments all or any of which each can use at his discretion. But take care, of all things, that you don't use a knife, that is a steel knife, to eat it with. We don't suppose for a moment that the gentle reader ever conveys anything to his lips with a knife, but don't cut it or any kind of fish whatever with a steel knife. It quite destroys the true flavour of the fish and spoils the knife for proper uses. Everything that has been used about the dish, its contents, and their consumption, must be carefully washed directly afterwards. It leaves a strangely lingering odour on anything it has touched.

Almost more odoriferous is that friend of the poor, the herring; but it is not theirs alone. It is equally welcome in what our Constitutional friends term "the palace and the cottage." If it can be got really fresh, as at the Isle of Man, Beaumaris, and one or two other places, without a "grain of salt," and either fried in a pan or gridded, it is the most beautiful breakfast dish possible to imagine. But it is out of the question to expect it in that condition in Manchester. The fishmonger will offer you herrings which he assures you are quite fresh, while they glisten and sparkle with rough salt. They may be used in another way, of which we will speak hereafter, but our advice is, let them alone for breakfast. Take rather the humble "red herring," the "Soldier," the "Shudehill Salmon," or the "Digby Chicken," or, last and best of all, the bloater. The "Chicken" does not admit of much variety in dealing with it. It may be treated as a "haddie," or soaked in warm water and frizzled before the fire, or done on the grid. The red herring or bloater we are particular about. A very common practice is to split them open and toast them. We don't approve it, but follow a more excellent way. If the fish is held on a fork before the fire for a minute or two only, it will be found that the skin can be easily removed, nearly all in a piece. When this is done, hold it as before, or put it on the grid and remove it to table, before it is in the slightest degree burnt. When you take one to your plate you will find, especially with a bloater, that after removing the head you can open it along the back and, after removing the backbone and roe or milt, you have two long strips of tender, juicy fish. We never get many bloaters at once, for they go bad almost as quickly as fresh fish. Mustard, and if necessary—as it sometimes is to bloaters—salt, may be used, but the fish is very good without, and it is an error to take condiments or other stimulants from mere habit, and not warranted by the demands of the *sensorium*.

Either with or without bacon, but the latter for choice, eggs are a pleasing and wholesome addition to breakfast, whether poached, fried, or boiled. We prefer them simply boiled. They are usually plentiful and cheap from the end of January to Easter Sunday, when we, of course, have our couple of eggs in a similar spirit of religious observance as that in which we have hot cross buns at breakfast on Good Friday. We have long thrown aside the superstition that our egg must be new-laid to be eatable. There is an unpleasant, creamy, frothy uncertainty about it that sends us to the settled, sensible kind of egg, of some week's age. We boil them three minutes and a half "good," and like the white just set and the yolk liquid, and we eat both. We once knew a person who didn't eat salt even to a boiled egg. We do, but the reader may please himself about what he does.

As to cereal products, we always eat, by preference, dry toast with any kind of meat or fish. And either buttered toast or dry toast buttered with or without eggs. Buttered toast is just a thought wasteful of the butter, but may be permitted now and then. We may say the same of crampets and muffins. The latter are "very good" with eggs, but the reverse of economical. We never take any other fancy bread or cake except the hot cross bun of the period. None of them are as healthy as plain bread.

G. TWIGG'S Patent Corkscrews. The most powerful ever invented, and being provided with a patent India-rubber pad, which for an elastic cushion for the neck, they are warranted not to break the bottle. Manufactory: 30, Mosley Road, Birmingham.—Sold by all Ironmongers.

THE GREAT

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Household Linens, Blankets, Damasks, Lace, Leno, and Muslin Curtains, Silks, Mantles, Costumes, Tartan Plaids, Fancy Dresses, French Merinos, French-printed Cambrics, Gentlemen's Outfitting, Ladies' Hosiery and Gloves, Ladies' Underclothing, Madeira Work, Cambric Handkerchiefs, Real Lace, Baby Linen, French Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, Hats, Bonnets, and Stays, at

JAMES LOWE'S,

15, 17, and 19, OLDHAM STREET, near Piccadilly.

In directing public attention to this SALE which IS NOW TAKING PLACE, we have much pleasure to announce that, in making our preparations, we have realized the most REMARKABLE and EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS.

The most important ENGLISH and FOREIGN MARKETS have been visited by our Agents, who have succeeded in bringing together a VAST ACCUMULATION of GOODS, which, in regard to superiority of manufacture, may possibly be equalled, but which certainly cannot be surpassed.

No Goods inferior in quality or obsolete in style have been admitted into the Stock for the purposes of the Sale; the Buyers having, on the contrary, been careful to select those only which are of recent production and first-class texture. We are anxious to give more than ordinary emphasis to this circumstance by reason of the

STARTLING QUOTATIONS

which we specified in Saturday's *Guardian*, and which we should not have been in a position to announce but for the operation of two causes—the one arising from the extreme Depression of the Markets, and the other from the fact that our negotiations have all been invariably completed by means of

CASH PAYMENTS.

We are, in this manner, enabled to place before the Public, a Scale of such Prices as will commend themselves in an almost uprecedented degree to those who are desirous of obtaining their supplies from the most

ECONOMICAL SOURCES.

Having a large number of surburban visitors, we would avail ourselves of the present opportunity of adverting to the very CENTRAL and CONVENIENT LOCALITY in which our Establishment is situated. It is within a very short distance of the Victoria Terminus, where the railways from Blackburn, Preston, St. Helens, Littleborough, Wigan, Leigh, Bolton, Bury, Rochdale, Oldham, Ashton, and Stalybridge all converge; it is still nearer to the London Road Station, where the trains from Stockport, Macclesfield, Crewe, Alderley, Wilmslow, Cheadle, &c., and the whole populous district of the south and south-west of Manchester enter the city; it is within half a mile of the Oxford Road Station, at which place passengers arrive from Stretford, Sale, Ashton-on-Mersey, Altrincham, Bowdon, Knutsford, Lymm, and Warrington; and we may further state that it is not more than a few minutes' walk from the Exchange, from which place omnibuses run to the most distant suburbs.

Such is the extent of area for which, through the ENORMOUS INCREASE OF OUR BUSINESS, we have the good fortune to provide; and having resolved to accord to the public the greatest possible advantages arising from our Home and Foreign negotiations, we feel confident that during the approaching Sale, our efforts will not fail to secure an amount of approbation and success commensurate with the exertions which have been made.

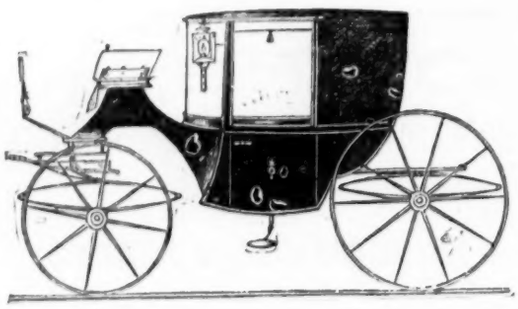
JAMES LOWE,

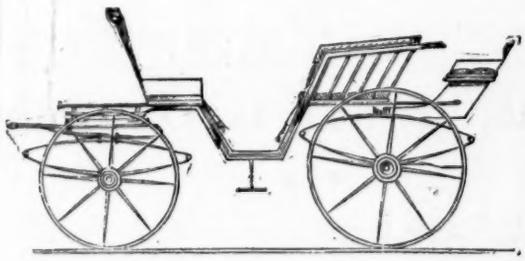
15, 17, 19, OLDHAM STREET,

NEAR PICCADILLY.

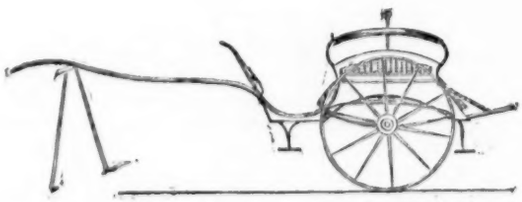
All Dunkerley and Franks' Umbrellas Are made on FOX'S Celebrated FRAMES. Being large producers, *Dunkerley & Franks* are enabled to offer them at astonishingly low prices.
7, SWAN STREET, NEW CROSS, MANCHESTER.

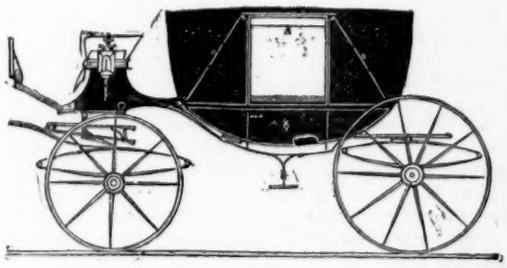
JOHN ROBERTS,
STRETFORD ROAD
CARRIAGE WORKS.





J. R. wishes to introduce to the Public his **New Racket Cart** or **Drag,** the greatest Novelty of the day, to ride low, easy of access for Ladies, and runs light, only $3\frac{1}{2}$ cwt.





All Carriages are constructed of best seasoned materials, and skilled workmanship.

Estimates and Drawings on application.

J. R. received the special commendation of the Judges at the Royal Agricultural Society's Meeting held in Manchester.

PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

Proprietors, the Prince's Theatre Company, Limited.

EVERY EVENING, AT SEVEN O'CLOCK, THE

GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,

Written by WILLIAM BROUGH, entitled

A FROGGEE WOULD A-WOOING GO;

Or, the Pretty Princess and the Fairy of the Dancing Water.

Scenery by GRIEVE, PERKINS, and BREW.] **[Produced under the direction of Mr. CHARLES CALVERT.**

NOTICE.—The following are the chief points of excellence in this costly and brilliant production:—

VIDE PRESS.

It has been mounted with extraordinary liberality and care, and, in every detail, as well as in the general effect, there is abundant evidence of Mr. Charles Calvert's taste, perseverance, and skill.—*Examiner.*

ABODE OF THE FROGS

consists of trees of ample foliage, upon whose branches are mammoth frogs in every variety of position. In the foreground are others of the same family engaged in various pastimes—leap-frog amongst others—such as playing cards, reading newspapers, and the like.—*Courier.*

THE AVIARY.

The light arches are elegantly decorated in that rich and elaborate style which the Moors employed to such advantage in Spain. From the roof hang gilt circlets, resting places for the merry birds that, with gay song, alight thereon; while other birds brighten, with their plumage, the floor, the fountain, and the distant garden.—*Guardian.*

THE PERI LAKE.

The Peri Lake is surely one of Mr. T. Grieve's most beautiful productions. We do not quite realise that it is a lake, but should rather suppose we were looking at an expanse of a pacific sea, bounded in the distance by an island, and nearer by arched rocks like some of nature's eccentricities in the northern seas.—*Guardian.*

DOVE POLKA BALLET.

The Peris approach, dressed in elegant skirts of green and white, spangled with silver, and each having on her right hand a dove with fluttering wings. As they dance they sing the Dove Polka Song, wherein Mr. A. S. Sullivan has caught and retained the light, airy grace of the scene.—*Guardian.*

THE GOLDEN GALLEY.

If we had room to tell in detail of all the beauties lavished on this scene, we should have now to borrow something of what Shakespere says of Cleopatra's barge.—*Guardian.*

CUPID'S WOOING.

By the celebrated Mesdames Vernet and Magny, from the Gaiete Theatre, Paris.

They perform a petite ballet, and altogether acquit themselves in a manner which is not often seen upon any stage.—*Courier.*

It is impossible to describe the pleasure excited by this ballet, than which we do not remember a lovelier one.—*Guardian.*

THE TRANSLUCENT SHELL.

A beautiful tableau, forming a vision of the Fairy of the Lake, which rises from the water in a shell of the most delicate colour, brings the scene to an end.—*Courier.*

SWEETS AND COMFITS.

.. .. Its mountain is a sugared cake; for columns there are sticks of lollipops and barley sugar; and comfits and bulls' eyes form the pavement.—*Guardian.*

DJINN AND BITTERS.

The interior of a pyramid, flanked by colossal Nubian images, where gnomes preside over the distillery, and the fumes wreathe themselves into snaky forms.—*Guardian.*

THE BANYAN GROVE.

This is Mr. Perkins's finest scene, and the management has lavished upon its adjuncts all the resources of the theatre—*Examiner and Times.*

THE STATE VELOCIPEDE.

The action culminates by the arrival of the Princess herself upon a six-wheeled velocipede, very cleverly driven round the stage by its riders.—*Courier.*

THE ORIENTAL DANCERS AND THE NUBIAN DWARFS.

A ballet that is quite as notable as the first, but much more elaborate. First a series of tableaux is given, in which the effects are produced by the court dancers, dressed in white with gilt armour, and a troop of Nubian children, using white and red scarves.—*Guardian.*

A grand Oriental ballet is introduced, in which the performers wear gorgeous dresses of white, scarlet, and gold, with brilliant cuirasses of polished metal.—*Courier.*

FOUNTAIN OF DANCING WATER,

where leaps the fountain of the dancing water. The fountain is illuminated by various coloured lights.—*Guardian.*

THE STONE SPELL AND INSTANTANEOUS TRANSMUTATION.

The great incident of the pantomime—the transmutation of the whole of the characters into stone—is effected with startling rapidity, and is received nightly with prolonged applause.—*Examiner and Times.*

This change was so cleverly accomplished on Monday that the house rang with applause, which would not cease until Mr. Calvert bowed his acknowledgments.—*Guardian.*

THE GOBBLING DUCK. THE FROG'S LAMENT.

King Roley is incontinently gobbled up by an enormous duck, and all that remains of him—his hat and umbrella—is borne in by the disconsolate frogs.—*Courier.*

TRIPLE TRANSFORMATION.

A scene in three parts, beginning with mist and mystery, advancing to a landscape with rocks and waterfalls, and culminating in a forest of leaves, where beautiful dryads dwell, and have their semi-mortal life illuminated by corollas of fire. The ensemble is new and very telling when the full blaze of brightest light is thrown upon it.—*Guardian.*

A triple transformation of more than usual beauty, the composition of Mr. Brew, brings the introduction to a close.—*Examiner and Times.*

The loud plaudits of the entire audience assured the success of the scene, and Mr. Calvert again appeared to bow his acknowledgments.—*Courier.*

THE BROTHERS LECLERCQ,

IN THEIR ORIGINAL HARLEQUINADE.

The harlequinade is admirably adapted to develop the peculiar comic power of the clown, Mr. Charles Leclercq.—*Examiner and Times.*

With Mr. Arthur Leclercq as Harlequin, and Miss M'Ginty as Columbine, it is needless to say that the incidental dances are skilfully arranged, and gracefully performed.

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(by Yellow Sand, out of Sahara)
The Ogre Koo-Kuma-Nee-Tum .. .. Mr. F. Barsby.
(a *Tartar* of the *Man-chew* breed, with a *single-eye* to his own interest)
Spittum .. .. Mr. Godding.
(chief cook and bottle washer to the Ogre)
Sindbad the Sailor..(a very *free-trader*)..Miss E. D'Este.
Hassan Tennytin..(Sindbad's *mate*)..Mr. H. Thompson.
Agib .. .. (a young middy)..Miss Evah Hamilton.
Peri Banou..(Queen of the Peris)..Miss Bickerstaff.
Ali Ben Fizzgig .. (Caliph of Bussorah) ..Mr. C. Cooper.
The Princess Sutchaswetkreechir .. ..Mdlle. Zerbini.
(the Caliph's only child)
Zobeida..(an *attendant* on the Princess)..Miss J. Taylor.
Hafiz Witzgon..(a very grand Vizier)..Mr. Parkinham.
Wang-Doodle .. .. Mr. F. Everill.
(King of the Chicorybony Islands)
Piccalilla .. .. Mrs. Bickerstaff.
(Wang Doodle's favourite Squaw)
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